

The Sketch

No. 1326.—Vol. CII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1918

ONE SHILLING.



WITH CUPID AS WOOL-HOLDER! A FAIR KNITTER OF SOCKS FOR SOLDIERS.

Miss Wagner—not German, she would have you know at once—is a patriotic little American who spends her spare time knitting for the United States soldiers. She has made herself independent of the human wool-holder by employing a statuette of Cupid, in the manner shown.

Photograph by Campbell Studios.



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

CONVERSATIONS RECORDED.

(For the Benefit of Posterity.)

"CONCERNING JUSTICE."

IRATE PERSON. Well, this is the limit! The absolute limit! Of all the—!

PHILOSOPHER. You appear to be annoyed, my friend.

IRATE PERSON. Annoyed? I should say I am annoyed! I'm simply furious!

PHILOSOPHER. Believe me, a sad expenditure of nervous energy.

IRATE PERSON. That's all very well; but if you'd been treated as I've been treated—! So far as I can see, there's no such thing as justice in the world!

PHILOSOPHER. Justice? Ah, the wraith that vanishes like a dream of the night! The elusive sprite that men have sought through all the ages—always to fail in their search!

IRATE PERSON. That may be; but there's a limit to one's endurance. When the war first started—

PHILOSOPHER. The war! You allude to the war! And do you really expect frail Justitia to make herself heard amid the clash and tumult of a thousand battles?

IRATE PERSON. I do. When I see Brown, and Jones, and Robinson—

PHILOSOPHER. My dear fellow, is this Brown's war? Or Jones's

IDEAL COOKERY HINTS.

BY "CANDID CLARA."

(1) CAMOUFLAGED HAM.—Throw 8 oz. of cabbage-stalk into a large saucepan half-full of absolutely boiling salted water. Cook rapidly till done, by which time it should have absorbed nearly all the water. Have ready 8 oz. of minced ham. Take a deep fire-proof china dish, grease it with nut-butter, put in a layer of cabbage-stalk, then a layer of the minced ham, then a layer of savoury bread-crums.

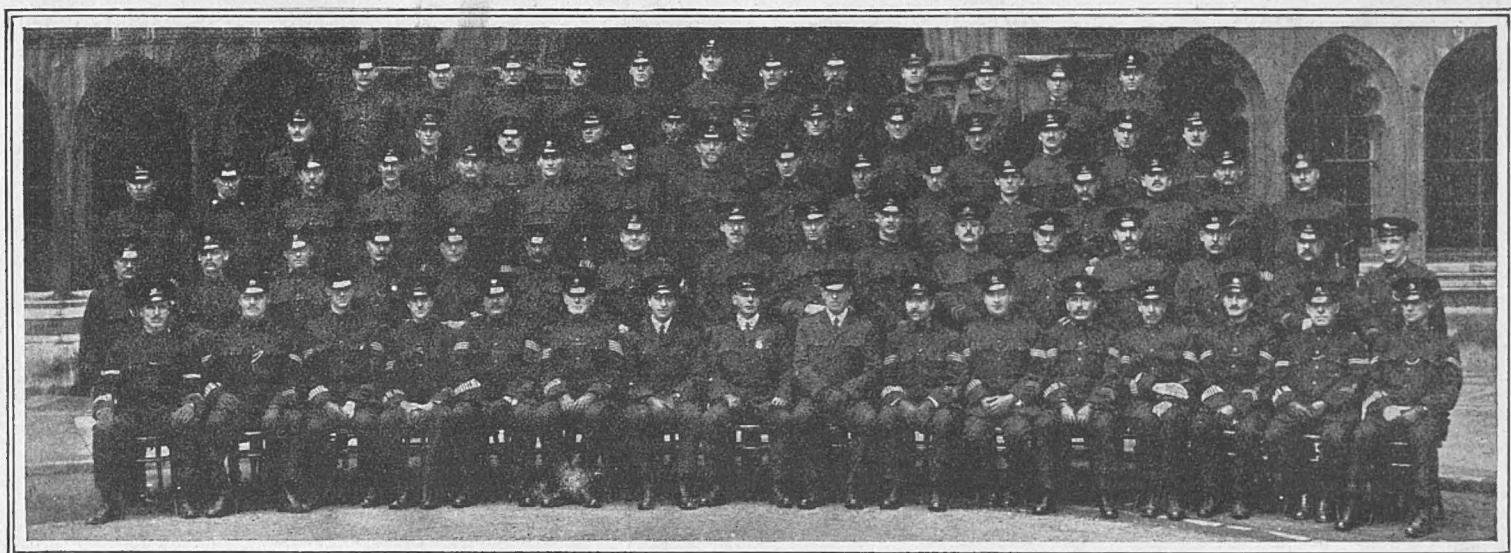
Repeat the layers till all the ham is used up. Let the top layer be of stalk-pulp and crumbs. Put a few bits of butter here and there. Make it hot in the oven, and serve it at once.

(The last time we had this my husband flung the whole lot out of the window. I have no hesitation in saying that I wouldn't repeat the attempt for an ox roasted whole.)

(2) CHEESE POTATOES.—Slice potatoes, not very thin, and boil till done; turn into a saucepan with finely chopped cheese-rind. Stir till the cheese-rind is melted, and it looks like creamed potatoes. Season to taste.

(My own experience is that it never does look like creamed potatoes, or anything else in the edible line. Still, if you are brave enough, go ahead.)

(3) SCALLOPED BANANAS.—Peel and slice firm bananas, arrange



THE CITY OF LONDON POLICE RESERVE: A GROUP OF "A" COMPANY, "D" DIVISION.

Photograph by Wicksteed and Palmer.

war? Or Robinson's war? Is it, if it comes to that, your war? Or my war? No, Sir. It is a war for the Cause of Freedom!

IRATE PERSON. And Justice.

PHILOSOPHER. No. You must not confuse the tangible with the intangible, the concrete with the abstract, the attainable with the unattainable. The freedom of small nations—we all know what that means. But Justice—who shall say where Justice begins and ends? Or what, indeed, it is? If the nations of the world embarked on a universal war for the establishment of universal justice, the present carnage would pale into insignificance by the side of that holocaust!

IRATE PERSON. Then am I to sit down and allow—?

PHILOSOPHER. By no means. You must not sit down until the day of Peace dawns. You must be upstanding and fighting. But not for yourself. Your energies must not be wasted in attempting to right your own wrongs, real or fancied.

IRATE PERSON. "Real or fancied"! I like that!

PHILOSOPHER. Let us grant, for the sake of argument, they are real. Yet what, after all, do they matter? When the hosts of the Hun are rushing forward with flaming swords to slay all humanity, would you be found splitting hairs? The very suggestion is unworthy of you, my friend.

IRATE PERSON. Look here! Have you suffered any act of flagrant injustice since this bally thing started?

PHILOSOPHER. Myself? Personally? To be candid, no.

IRATE PERSON. Then shut up. You've no right to talk.

in layers in a buttered baking-dish, sprinkle each layer lightly with sugar and flour. When the dish is full, pour in a cup of treacle and a spoonful of honey; cover, and bake slowly one hour; then remove cover, and brown.

(I tried this on my unfortunate children, who stayed in bed for a week afterwards. But this was probably my fault, and not the fault of the recipe, which is excellent, and quite makes the mouth water. Don't you agree?)

The Value of Moss.

This "good war" has already accomplished many things hitherto believed impossible, yet the miracles still continue. It may even upset the faith of the average Englishman in the proverbs he learnt at his dame's school.

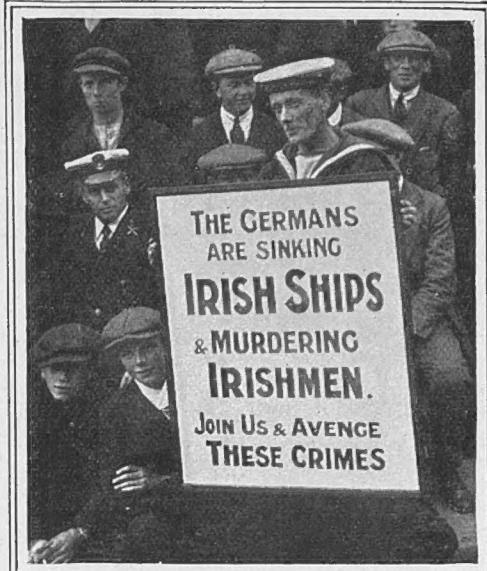
I have often railed against our proverbs. One of the most foolish, I have urged, is to the effect that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." I have demanded with passion whether anyone, even a stone, really wants to gather moss? I was written down an indiscreet heretic.

But now, emboldened by the upheaval all around him, I find no less a personage than Bishop Welldon saying that he has "always been haunted by the dread of staying too long in one place." This makes for rejoicing. The average Englishman, before the war, was always haunted by the dread of not staying in one place. When the yearning for change came over him, he remembered—or was reminded—that a rolling stone gathers no moss.

WITH US AND THE U.S.: SOCIAL AND NAVAL OCCASIONS.



IN TRAFALGAR'S "FLOWERY SQUARE": THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND INSPECTING.



TO BATE THE U-BOATS: IRISH VOLUNTEER RECRUITS FOR THE R.N.R. TRAWLERS.



WEDDED: LIEUT. HASTINGS TURNER AND HIS BRIDE (MISS LAURA COWIE).

A week's Floral Fair in aid of the French Red Cross opened in Trafalgar Square.—The first sixty recruits for the trawler section of the Royal Naval Reserve marched through Dublin on June 18. Those seen here

were recruited by Lieutenant A. E. Spry, R.N.V.R.—The wedding of Miss Laura Cowie and Lieutenant John Hastings Turner, well known as actress and playwright respectively, took place last Thursday, at St. Matthew's, Westminster.



A BRIDE OF LAST WEEK: MISS MARJORIE BOYD.



FOR FRANCE AS RED CROSS COOK: MISS CECILY D'EYNCOURT.



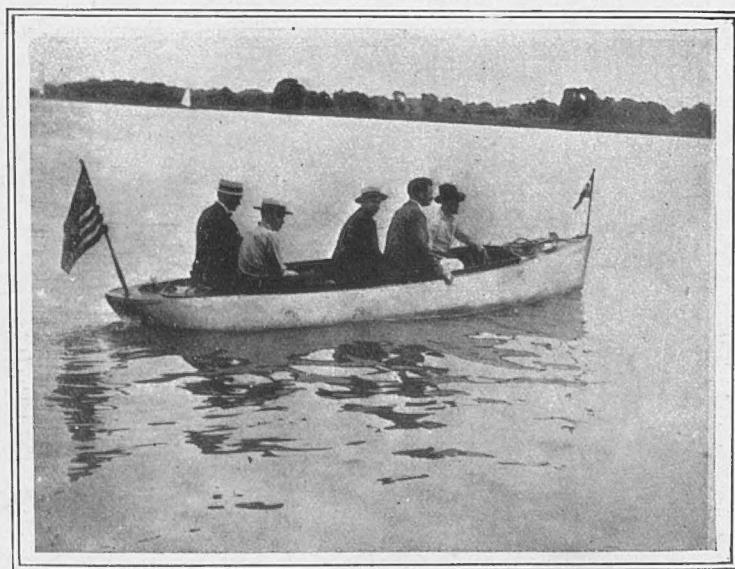
MARRIED RECENTLY: MRS. ERIC HUBBARD (MISS SYLVIA MORRIS).



WIFE OF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF EAST AFRICA: MRS. NORTHEY.

The wedding of Miss Marjorie Boyd, daughter of Lady Burdett, to Brig.-Gen. B. D. Fisher, was arranged for June 21.—Miss Cecily D'Eyncourt is the daughter of Sir Eustace Tennyson D'Eyncourt, Technical Adviser to the

Admiralty for War-Ship Design, and to the Munitions Ministry for Tanks.—Mrs. Hubbard is the wife of Lieut. Eric Hubbard.—Mrs. Northey's husband, Major-General Edward Northey, has been appointed Governor of East Africa.



THE FIRST CONCRETE MOTOR-BOAT ON THE RIVER POTOMAC: A CRUISE FOR INSPECTION BY U.S. GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS.



A WELL-KNOWN COMEDIENNE MARRIED: MISS HETTY KING AND CAPTAIN A. W. LAMOND AFTER THEIR WEDDING.

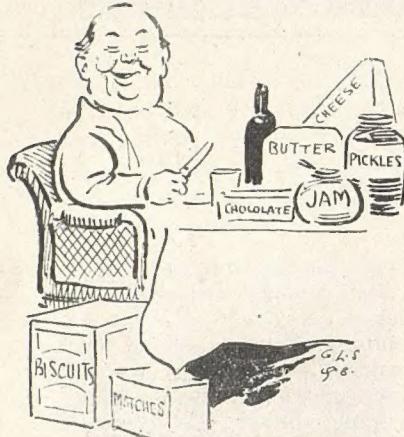
The first concrete motor-boats for the United States Government were recently completed. The hull is only $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. thick.—The wedding of Miss Hetty

King, the well-known male-impersonator, and Captain A. W. Lamond, York and Lancaster Regiment, took place recently at Sunderland.



In Suburban Quietude.

In a quiet little secluded suburban homestead, such as is the prize of thousands of bread-winners around London to-day, I encountered last week an exceedingly interesting man. At the outset of things he did not seem to be peculiarly interesting. He might have been No. 5, or No. 7, or No. 11 back from the City. His interest in his carefully trimmed front hedge was merely characteristic of the neighbourhood. Also he had a charming, rather matronly, wife, who was toying with a baby and talking to a soldier son. I looked round for the purring "pussy." It was missing. If "pussy" had been there an ideal picture of suburban English family life would have been completed—so complete, in fact, that one might have made engravings about it and hung the embellishments in all the saloon-bars of the country.



"The drone of aircraft is never heard, the villagers have never seen a searchlight or heard a bugle, and, so far as the larder is concerned, the Food Controller is not even tapping at the door."—*Daily Paper*. Wouldn't you like to know where this is!

as a rule, encounter my particular householder. His name is Mr. W. M. Hughes. He is Prime Minister of Australia. Quite a lot of people believe he is going to be one of the principal agencies in the winning of the war. The Savoy, the Carlton, and the Ritz have all gone on their knees and offered, not gold and silver, but luxurious suites of rooms since Mr. Hughes returned to England. He has refused them all. He prefers the quietude and homely aspect of Elsworthy Road, Hampstead. That is where I found him, looking with an agriculturist's interest at his trimly kept lawn and the surrounding evergreens. "You have come as far as this," he said, "to see me?" "I have," I replied; "but, after all, it is only Hampstead, and not Australia." "Never mind," he answered; "come inside."

It was a fairly warm June day, even warm for an English June, but Mr. Hughes conducted

me to a blazing wood fire in a dear old-fashioned London villa—the sort of house in which the nursery is very elaborate and the drawing-room very simple. I asked him why he had returned to England, and he said he thought there was quite a lot for him to do over here at the present time. "I shall be very careful what I do," he said, "because I quite realise that I have made a number of enemies in this country." "I should like to know their names, Mr. Hughes," I replied, and

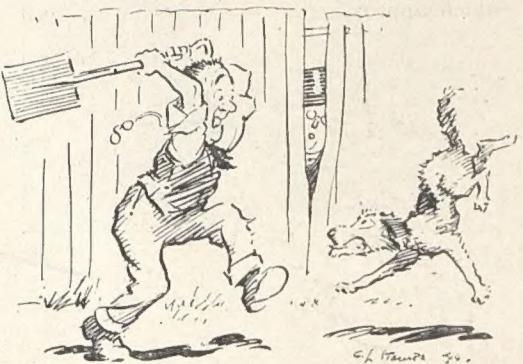


IN CADET'S UNIFORM:
PRINCE HENRY AT SANDHURST.
Photograph by C.N.

Hughes in His Home.

Of course, you will say that all this is very ordinary. Of course, you will say that one can encounter a thousand such pictures in any day of the week, in any week of the year, in any suburb in London. True. But you will not,

I confessed I was unacquainted with the fact that there were any enemies of the Australian Prime Minister. "Oh, Snowden, MacDonald, and their friends," he answered; "but, as a matter of fact, I rather rejoice in their enmity." I told him that these people were not half so important as they appeared to be when he was last over here. I also suggested that, if he took another trip to Australia and came back home again, it is quite possible that they would have ceased to exist. Mr. Hughes seemed to think that my mind was turning upon lamp-posts and lynchings, and the Kelly gang and their unlawful proceedings. I left him in a state of mystification, to go to the theatre.



The Executive Officer (to the man attacked by a mad dog): "I should let it be. You'll have to surrender four coupons if you kill it."

Our Most Varied Princess.

Princess Mary is developing rapidly into the most interesting of the younger members of the Royal Family at the present time. Any person whose activities are consistently varied must be interesting. Our Princess Mary is the most varied Princess that I have ever encountered or read about, as things go just now. On one day she is distributing prizes at the competitions of the Annual Children's Salon, which, as you know, is the most decorous and conventional affair.

In fact, I have always thought the tone of the Children's Salon a little reminiscent of what we used to call the "English upper-middle class." Then, two days later, our little Princess blithely visits Birdie Courtney's Boxing Booth at the Theatrical Garden Party. No one by the most elastic stretch of imagination would describe this very jolly but entirely harmless show as either entirely decorous or conventional. I am very glad that our Princess is seeing as many sides of life as possible and widening her experience. The more we know, the easier it is to excuse and to understand.

Test Matches Coming. I think it is a great testimony to the British character that, in the middle of the greatest war of the world's history, we can quietly arrange to have a test match between England and the Dominion Government. This is the sort of thing that makes us feel proud of ourselves. This is the sort of thing



THE WEDDING OF CAPTAIN G. C. PEARSON, M.C., ROYAL FUSILIERS, AND MISS ELSIE MAUDE HARVEY: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING BROMPTON ORATORY.—[Photograph by Topical.]

that the Kaiser will not understand, for he never understood how to play cricket. It is also the sort of thing that induces our enemy to regard us as being either very mad or very bad. Still, we are not going to give only one test match. We are going to give two. And, if the exigencies of the great battle on the Western front make it necessary for General Foch to allow the Crown Prince to make a theatrical entry into Paris, we should, instead of going into sack-cloth and ashes, probably have three! C. B. Fry tells me that he is almost sure to play in the first match, and he also



NETTING THE KING'S FISH AT VIRGINIA WATER, IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK: CLEANING THE NET FOR THE NEXT CATCH.
Photograph by Sport and General.



An old lady who wants to know why we don't do like the Americans and use "sky-scrappers" when the Huns are overhead.

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"DESERVING THE KINDEST REGARDS": JULIA MANNERING.



NAMESAKE (COMPOSITE) OF A SCOTT HEROINE: MISS JULIA JAMES AS MABEL MANNERING IN "YES, UNCLE!"
AT THE PRINCES THEATRE.

Miss Julia James, as frequenters of musical comedy well know, is one of the principal causes of the popularity of "Yes, Uncle!" Adding her own Christian name to her stage surname, we get the name of a famous Scott heroine—Julia Mannerling, daughter of Guy of that ilk.

In the dramatised version of the story she is described as "rather a hare-brained girl, but well deserving the kindest regards." Of Miss Julia James, it may be said, in Parliamentary phrase, "the answer to the first part of the description is in the negative; to the latter, in the affirmative."



CONTRARY to the common tradition, they very rarely do say "I told you so"—the women who nearly always turn out to be right! Nobody has heard a boast of the kind from Lady Wolseley, for example, who, long before the war, realised that women should work upon the land, and started at Glynde the college which has trained a little army of land-ladies (new style). The war has increased the demand for women trained in all the arts of growing—more now for use than for beauty; and, of course, Lady Wolseley has extended her activities in fresh fields and pastures new. She has utterly reversed the dictum of Mrs. Ewing's old Adam: "A woman always did make a muss in a garden." I don't know what rank, if any, Lady Wolseley holds in the Order of the B.E.; but the honour of which she is proudest is one that is strictly limited and purely informal—she is the daughter of one of the only three men whom Queen Victoria toasted at her own table.

"Meddlesome Milly."

Another woman who looked ahead was the Duchess Millicent of Sutherland.

She knew the day of great houses was done. Perhaps the shoes in which Marie Antoinette stepped on to the scaffold, preserved at Stafford House in a glass case, preached to the

the workshops and Guilds for Cripples which, since the war, are the models as well as the pioneers of a multitude of imitators. "As far as a miserable Duchess could be an agitator, I strove to be one," is the nearest approach to a boast she has ever been heard to make. That her heart was wrapped up in her homespun tweeds was another count against her. And all this was a preparation for four years of hospital work in Belgium and France, of which the full story has yet to be told.

Mistress and Maid.

A third woman who does not say "I told you so," but who might very well use that phrase of mingled pride and reproach, is Lady Willoughby de Broke. She did not wait until munitioning to see that the servant problem was pressing. "I urge the desirability of fostering mutual sympathy and comradeship between employer and employed. The relation is one of peculiar intimacy—they live under the same roof for years together." The isolated life of the maid-servant is apparent: "The idea that she must be allowed no followers is barbarous and inhuman." Lady Willoughby de Broke rejoiced that the day is past "when the second



THE COMING GENERATION: LORD DE CLIFFORD AND MISS PATRICIA STOCK.

Lord de Clifford was born in 1907, and succeeded to the Barony in 1909, as twenty-sixth holder of the title. The widow of the twenty-fifth Baron married, in 1913, Captain Arthur Roy Stock, and Miss Patricia Stock is her daughter.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

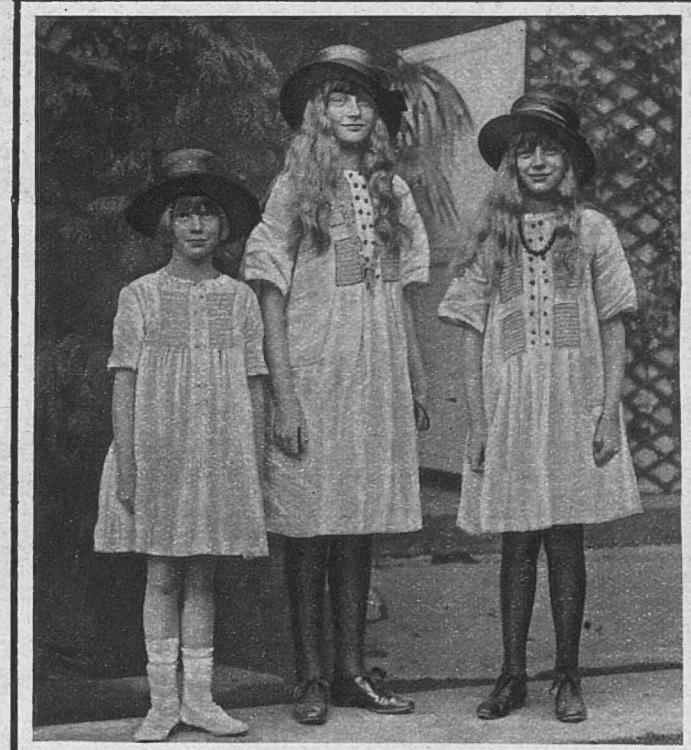
Duchess about the transitoriness of all mortal possessions. Anyway, when Trentham Hall was pulled down she almost sang a paean of triumph over it. She delighted to see Stafford House turned into a museum. She was not as miserable as might be expected when fire came into the campaign and did its best to burn down Dunrobin. "Meddlesome Milly," she said, was the title given her among the tenantry when she talked domestic economy to them, the need of social science in national education, and the baby-welfare for which pearls are now being thrown into cribs. Above all, she started



STEP-DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS STATESMAN: MISS MARCELLA DUGGAN.

Miss Marcella Duggan is the step-daughter of Earl Curzon of Kedleston, and daughter of the present Countess and her first husband, Mr. Alfred Duggan. She has two brothers, Master Alfred and Master Hubert Duggan.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.



GRAND-DAUGHTERS OF A POPULAR PEER: THE MISTRESSES OONACH, AILEEN, AND MAUREEN GUINNESS.

This pretty snapshot from Ireland shows the three daughters of the Hon. Arthur Ernest and the Hon. Mrs. Guinness, of Glenmaroon, Co. Dublin. Their father is the second son of Viscount Iveagh, and their mother, before her marriage, was Miss Marie Clotilde Russell, daughter of the late Sir George Russell, M.P., fourth Baronet, of Swallowfield Park, Reading.—[Photograph by Poole. Waterford.]



A PRINCE-EARL: THE EARL OF MACDUFF.

Prince Alastair Arthur, Earl of Macduff, is the son of Prince Arthur of Connaught, and grandson of the Duke of Connaught. His mother is H.H. Princess Alexandra, Duchess of Fife, wife of Prince Arthur of Connaught, and daughter of the Princess Royal.

Photograph by A. Corbett.

footman was expected to sleep on the kitchen-table," but she found that servants' quarters were not really fit, even in "great" houses, for human habitation. They fell far short of the amenities provided by a certain famous lady of fiction—there was not a waste-paper basket in every room! Lady Willoughby de Broke has nothing new to learn on "the servant question," and it need not have been the difficult one it now is if her advice had been taken in that past era of our history—the days before the war. We may hope that the example of these three ladies will appeal widely.

WOMAN AND THE WAR: A MUNITION-MAKER.



WORKING AT A FACTORY: LADY MOYA CAMPBELL.

Lady Moya Melisende Campbell is the younger of the two daughters of the Marquess of Sligo. In 1912 she married Lieutenant Allan William George Campbell, of the Coldstream Guards, who was killed in action in 1914, on the Aisne. She has one little son, Allan Donald Peter,

who was born in 1913. Lady Moya has been working in a munitions factory, giving her time and strength to the patriotic effort to do what is in her power to help in the great mass of war-work in which the women of the Empire have rendered such loyal and valuable assistance.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

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WEDDING OF LADY EVELYN KING AND CAPTAIN MILES



THE WEDDING GROUP: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MISS MARJORIE JENKINS; LADY PHYLLIS KING; LADY DIANA KING; MISS DOROTHIE RAWSON; MISS BETTY ASKWITH (IN FRONT); CAPTAIN MILES GRAHAM; LADY EVELYN GRAHAM; MASTER DAVID PEEL (IN FRONT); MISS THELMA CAZALET; CAPTAIN H. A. R. GRAHAM, THE BEST MAN (BEHIND); AND MISS CATHERINE BUCHANAN.

A guard of honour of the Life Guards lined the aisle of Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, on June 17, and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, was present, on the occasion of the marriage of Captain Miles William Arthur Peel Graham, Household Cavalry, younger son of the late Major Henry Graham and of Lady Askwith, to the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lovelace, Lady Evelyn Catherine King. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a gown of georgette and soft white satin, embroidered with pearls and silver and draped with chiffon, and the train was *en suite*. The veil, of old Brussels lace, was held by a wreath of orange-blossom and myrtle, and the bride carried a sheaf of white lilies, and wore a pearl necklace, the gift of Mr. James Buchanan. The bridegroom's

GRAHAM: BRIDE; GROOM; MAIDS; PAGE; BEST MAN.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: CAPTAIN MILES GRAHAM AND LADY EVELYN GRAHAM.

cousin, Master David Peel, acted as page, and there were seven bridesmaids: Lady Phyllis and Lady Diana King, sisters of the bride; Miss Betty Askwith, half-sister of the bridegroom; Miss Dorothie Rawson, and Miss Marjorie Jenkins, cousins of the bride; Miss Catherine Buchanan and Miss Thelma Cazalet, all of whom wore pale-yellow georgette, embroidered with silver, with Dutch caps of silver tissue trimmed with little blue flowers, and they carried bouquets of delphiniums and hydrangeas, and wore pearl-and-amethyst brooches, the gift of the bridegroom's brother, Captain Henry A. R. Graham, who acted as best man. The church was crowded with distinguished friends, officers of the Household Cavalry, and the Matron and nurses from Cane's Hill Hospital, Surrey, where the bride has been working.

FAN AND FROLIC AND THE COOL MIDNIGHT

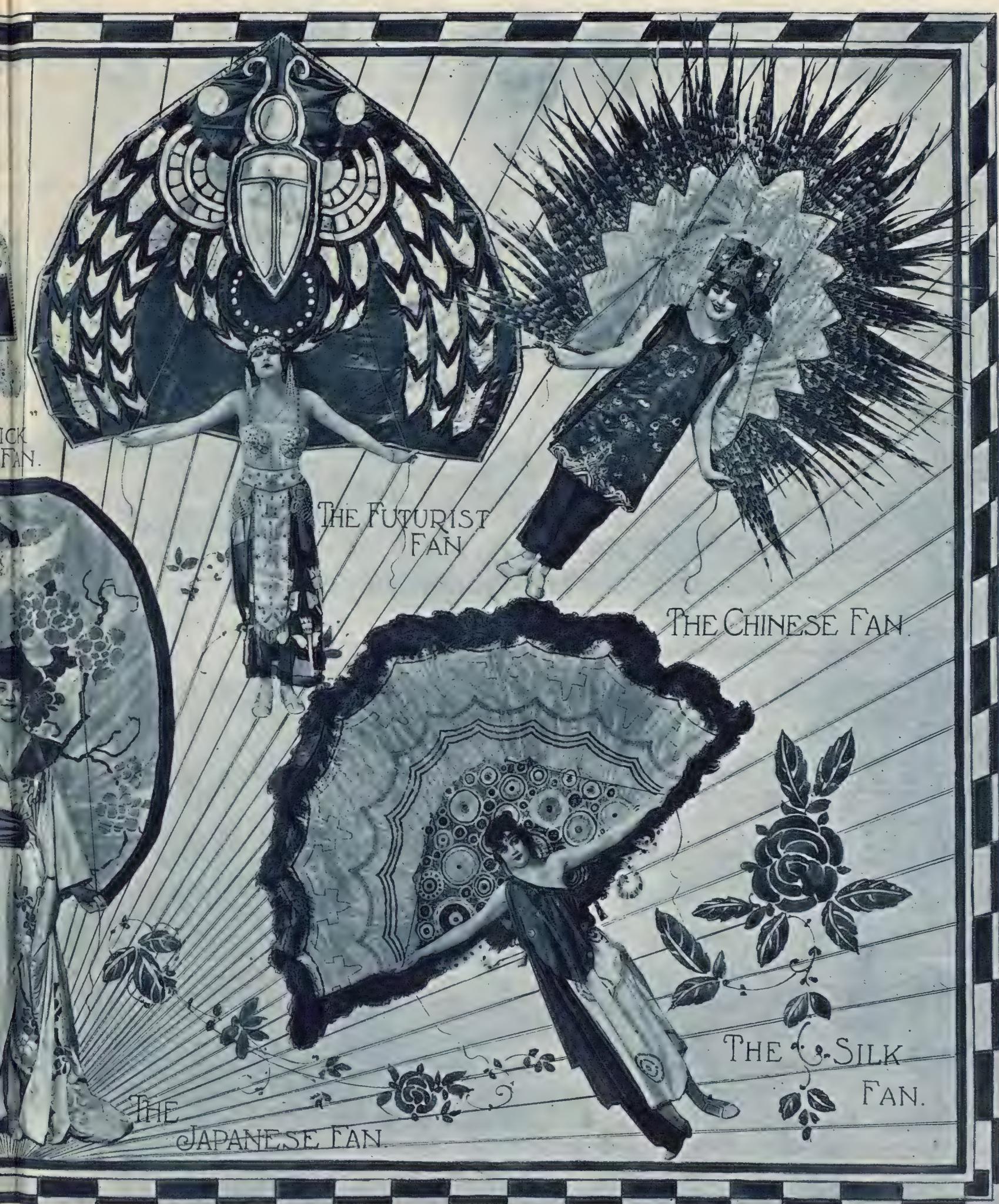


SEEN IN THE MIDNIGHT FROLICS "ATOP" THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, N.Y.

The Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic, held on the top of the New Amsterdam Theatre, is a highly popular feature of the amusements of New York. As

Here are some further examples. [Photo]

MIDNIGHT : PICTURESQUE STAGE DRESSES.



ATRE, NEW YORK: THE FAN GIRLS OF THE ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FOLLIES.

As many previous photographs published in our pages have shown, the costumes worn in the show are original and picturesque.

—[Photographs by White Studios.]

“I’M THE EXTRA VERY SPECIAL COP!” A VERY



“AND FRIENDS”: MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN, WITH MR. GILBERT CHILDS AND MR.

Miss Phyllis Monkman is to revue what Nova Aquilæ is to astronomy—a star of the first magnitude, but, unlike the new stellar phenomenon, her brilliance is not on the wane. In the large photograph on the right she is seen as a “Very Special” Constable, a distinct acquisition to the Metropolitan Police. The upper photograph on the left shows her in cowboy costume with Mr. Gilbert Childs singing “The Old Bran-Pie,” which tells how “Four-Ace Nell met Two Pair Joe

Photographs by

WINSOME WAG IN "TAILS UP!" AT THE COMEDY.



JACK BUCHANAN, IN THE NEW REVUE AT THE COMEDY THEATRE, "TAILS UP!"

Down upon the ranches where the cowboys grow. Both of them were broke, I fear. Suddenly they lighted on a good idea. Two-Pair Joe said: "We want grub. All we need is one big tub. Fill it up with sawdust, and there you are!—The bran-pie swizzle of the charity bazaar." (We quote the song by courtesy of Messrs. Ascherberg, Hopwood and Crew). In the two lower photographs on the left Miss Monkman appears, in different scenes, with Mr. Jack Buchanan.

Malcolm Arbuthnot.



TO SIT OR NOT TO SIT—WESTMINSTERING.



TO sit or not to sit, that is the question. We would not want, all at once, a big large seat in which the Honourable Members snore so blissfully—a small stool somewhere would do to begin with. Afterwards, we may soar to sublimer state. Would not many of my women friends just love that of the Speaker! As for me, Mistress of Pensions would appeal vastly.

Mr. John Hodge, the Minister of Pensions, whom I met the other day, is a big man in more than one sense, and has a delightfully direct manner and method with people and things. A proof of this is the stream of little gifts which flow in on him—that especially would appeal to me. Among the presents was a nice big silk handkerchief with Mr. Hodge's initials embroidered on it in brave colours: this for some help he had given out of office hours and out of his voluntary fund—which, by the way, he swells by writing articles for which he receives good prices. All the money from this literary work goes to his voluntary fund.

In the days before the war, when we were not all as high-minded as we are now (hum-hum!), I had a little friend who, when she was going to lunch with a wealthy admirer, wore extremely dubious gloves, that simply cried out for new ones.

This mite appeal always resulted in a gift of six pairs of the very best. Really, I think I shall practise a little war economy by arriving at the Theatrical Garden Party, where Someone is going to meet me, *sans chapeau*—or, more daring still, with the hat of a long-suffering woman. Then, when I have looked carefully at the plan, we shall stroll, as it were by chance, to the stall “A la Chappellerie des Artistes,” where Miss Lilian Braithwaite and Mr. Ernest Thesiger will be selling hats given by Miss Doris Keane, Miss Lily Elsie, Miss Hilda Trevelyan, Miss Marie Löhr, Miss Madge Titheradge, Miss Julia James, Miss José Collins, Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Violet Loraine, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh—all of whom, as you know, are always *chic-ly chapeautées*. Then I shall pause and sigh, and then—then—well, I hope there won’t be much left for any late comers.

Obvious ways are generally the easiest when dealing with the male mind. “But,” says Cynicuss (who has not lost the undignified habit of reading what I write over my shoulder—it is all right, my

brooch is a safety-pin), “but it’s all very well to talk through your hat when you want a new one. What do you do when your heart is yearning for those nothings of ninon which cost so much and cover so little—can you prove that you need new ones?”

Some week this! On the 24th Lady Lytton’s matinée, at which Miss Faith Celli is to appear in a new Barrie one-act play now called “A Well-Remembered Voice.” Sir James numbers Lady Lytton among his many friends, and has written three one-act plays for this occasion. “La Politesse” is another, and in it will appear Helen Morris (as the only woman), Gerald du Maurier, Will West, and Jules Delacre, the life and soul of the French Players. On the 25th the Theatrical Garden Party; and on the 27th the Chelsea Fair.

I have never tasted an ice according to Lord Rhondda—made without milk, or cream, or sugar—but I shall there; and Princess Mary, who is attending, will probably take the opportunity also to appease her anxiety to know what war ices are like. At the sign of the Polar Bear, Helen Morris (the McEvoy girl, as she is sometimes called—she has been painted four times by McEvoy) is going to sell ices. Spanish chocolate, Lady Owen Phillips’s flowers, a boxing match, and a Children’s Pageant are other attractions which will draw men, women, and children to the Royal Hospital Grounds.

Mrs. Muirhead Campbell tells me she is to be in the Spanish Carpa, and that her songs—she is a delightful composer—are now being sold at Lady Dorothy Mills’s shop. Mrs. Campbell has given some autographed copies for the Cause. By the way, Lady Dorothy sings “Autumn” herself.

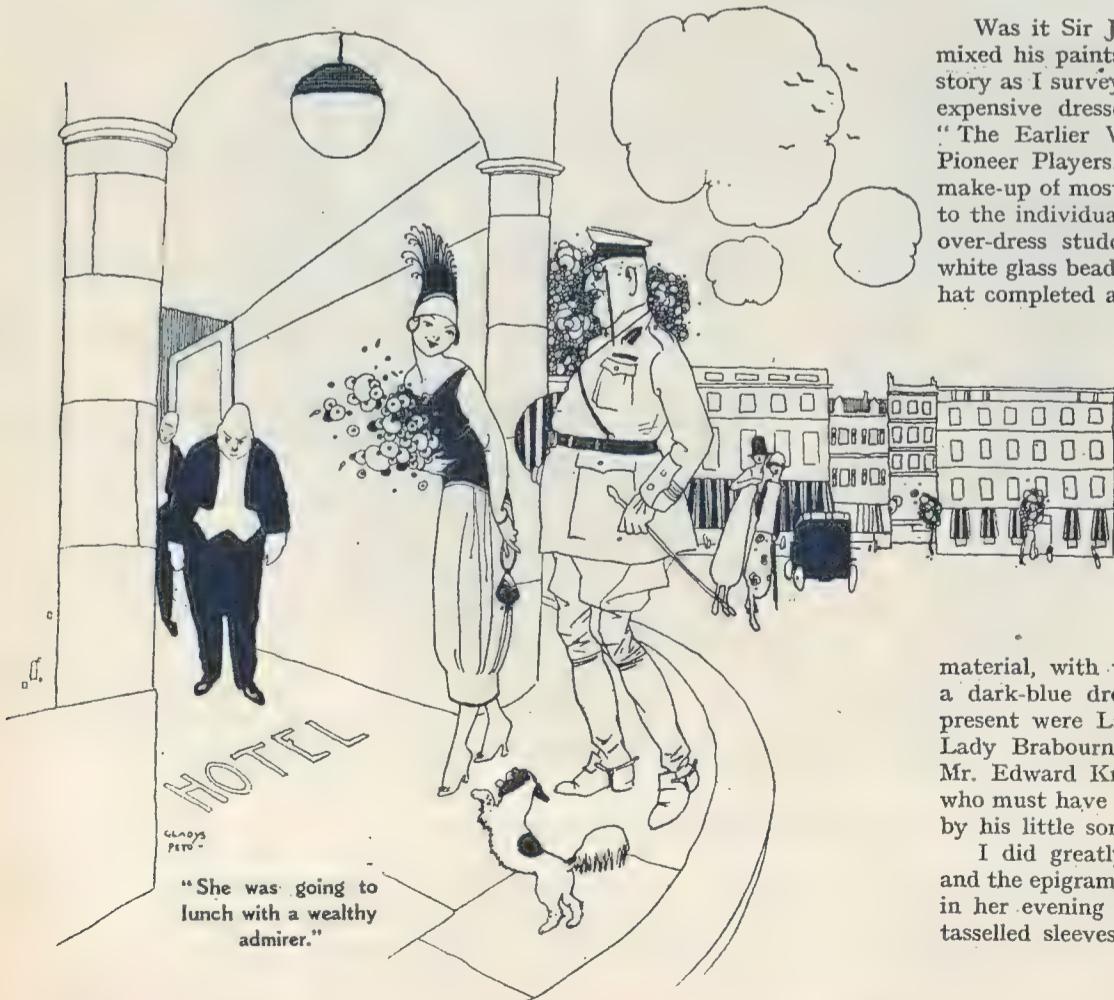


“Gloves . . . six pairs of the very best.”

Was it Sir Joshua Reynolds who, when he was asked what he mixed his paints with, replied “With brains”? I thought of this story as I surveyed the really charmingly distinctive and not unduly expensive dresses worn by the audience at the performance of “The Earlier Works of Sir Roderick Athelstane” given by the Pioneer Players. Brains certainly played a dominant part in the make-up of most of the toilettes. They were original, and becoming to the individual wearer. One lovely gown of black ninon had the over-dress studded at regular and close intervals with tiny dull white glass beads. A white tulle scarf and small black mirror-velvet hat completed a most perfect toilette. Miss Sybil Ruskin, sister of the late John Raphael, and herself a playwright of no mean order, had solved the matinée-hat problem in a most picturesque manner. She was wearing a purple veil circled round her head with a wreath of long green stalks and berries, delightfully reminiscent of the headdresses worn in “Paolo and Francesca.”

The Princess of Monaco was there in black with touches of white. Miss Hilda Moore wore an old-rose coat, with collar and cuffs of black satin. Mrs. Gilbert Samuel was wearing a black satin gown, and a hat with a high crown of the same material, with wide emerald-green satin brim. Her daughter had a dark-blue dress with exquisite Oriental embroideries. Others present were Lady Maud Warrender, Lady Leconfield, Lord and Lady Brabourne, Lady Muir MacKenzie, Sir Sinclair Thompson, Mr. Edward Knoblauch, Mr. Anthony Ellis, and Mr. Sam Livesey, who must have been delighted with the excellent performance given by his little son.

I did greatly enjoy the play; every performance pleased me, and the epigrams *did* shine. Miss Gwen Richardson looked delightful in her evening dress of lemon chiffon, with its gracefully hanging tasseled sleeves, and peacock shoes and wreathed waist-belt.



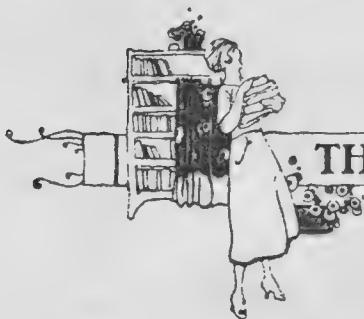
WON BY WINGING: THE PRIZE OF AN AIR RACE.



THE HEROINE OF "GOING UP," AT THE GAIETY: MISS MARJORIE GORDON AS GRACE DOUGLAS.

Grace Douglas, the heroine of the new Gaiety piece, is beloved by two rivals, one an airman and one the author of a book on aviation called "Going Up," who, however, has never actually "gone up" in his life, though he lets the public think him an expert flier. The real

airman challenges him to a race, and the lady agrees to wed the winner. Miss Marjorie Gordon is all that a Grace should be, in song and dance. Two of her songs are especially successful—"If You Look In Her Eyes" and "Tickle Toe."—[Photographs by Rita Martin.]



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



FOR my part, I have made no arrangements about what is to be done after the war, either by myself or by humanity in general—partly because the carrying-out of any will have to depend on how the war ends, and on what reconstruction ideals the soldiers bring back with them from the fighting line. I can believe, however, that those five or six million voters who have been shielding us from the worst of it will unanimously decide that they don't want any more war, and I see no way of ensuring a millennium except by inaugurating some such League of Free Nations as H. G. Wells's "In the Fourth Year" lucidly and forcefully advocates. Anyhow, he presents a scheme that is so sensible and so strong that, whether you have thought of one of your own or not, you would do well to consider his argument. Something must depend, too, on the women who will vote in the next election; and I have a suspicion they will side with the soldiers in demanding an arrangement that will, as far as may be, put the lid on war once for all.

You can't keep the war or women out of any discussion nowadays. You can't even keep women out of the war; and, if you want to know what they are doing in it, read Mrs. Alec Tweedie's "Women and Soldiers." She is not altogether a good witness, but she furnishes a full account of the enormous variety of work women are undertaking, and is impartial in the sense that she is by turns impartially unfair both to the upper classes and the "lower orders." She has a long and drastic list of war-economy proposals; and when she lays it down that "cats and dogs, except selections from special breeds, ought to be exterminated," she comes up against my prejudices. I am not influenced in my love of dogs by their special breeds; but Mrs. Tweedie's sympathy with mongrels, canine or human, is not profound. Moreover, while man is admittedly

imperfect, I am not so certain as she is that if women had been allowed a hand in the management of affairs since the war started none of our muddles would have occurred. I admit that, since he is physically the stronger, "surely it is the man's job to push the pram and carry the baby," though I think she might let him put the baby in the pram. Then when she says that if you wished to build a house in war-time, among other details, such as making bricks and laying them, "your coal would be delivered by women," I wonder. If it wasn't a man who delivered mine the other day, she was completely disguised, even to the whiskers. Otherwise, I gladly join in testifying that women have successfully tackled almost every kind of what was supposed to be man's work—that, in short, they "stepped into men's shoes, and did not find them pinch," though, being a man and knowing the size of my own, I should not have dared to express it like that. She repeatedly demands conscription for women, and that regiments of women should take arms and go into the trenches; and lists a lot of suggestions made by her earlier in the war which were all rejected by the authorities, and then adopted later without due acknowledgment. This prescience makes me uneasy about Mrs. Tweedie's two dozen suggestions of compulsory things that ought to be done for our happiness after the war. For example, "More Sunday concerts and amusements, especially out of doors." That's all right;

but she adds, "Music everywhere possible, and every third song to be one in which the public should join." I shouldn't like that. It isn't my idea of enjoyment. You can't make happiness all on one pattern to fit everybody, so it is wiser to avoid too many minute regulations and leave each of us to be as happy as he can in his own way. What I do like in the book is its whole-hearted enthusiasm for the women war-workers, and for the sake of that I don't mind swallowing several things that don't agree with me.

In "The Glory of Zeebrugge" Lieutenant Keble Howard has a great subject and rises to the height of it. His own terse, vivid account of the famous raid on that Belgian harbour is supplemented by a series of talks with some of the gallant men who took part in it, and these help to bring the whole thing home to you, and make you realise to the full the difficulty and daring of their enterprise. The most striking and most human of the many official records I have read.

The humour of "Billie Impett and Doris" has those qualities of irresponsibility, grimness, and casual pathos which we have learned to think characteristic of the men who have been "in it." You will find those qualities in the verses of "If I Goes West," the irresponsibility and grimness mingling in "Nevers"—

Never fail to drop at once if shells are overhead;
It's better to be dirty once than be for ever dead—

in "The Game," and others; the pathos sounding alone in such as "Calvary." A delightfully spontaneous, unpretentious little volume. Grimness you have at times, and a stark and terrible realism, in some of the poems of "Resentment," by Alec Waugh, now a prisoner in Germany. There is beauty and charm in the verse that gets away from war, but it is the war verse that makes this a remarkable book. From so much of bitter, hard truth in "Cannon Fodder" and "The Other Side," it is a relief to turn to the clever, whimsical satire and gaiety that riot through Lieutenant Herbert's "The Bomber Gipsy, and Other Poems."

And, to forget the war altogether, here are two admirable novels. "God's Counterpoint" deals brilliantly with one sex problem, and "Old Desire" with another. If Philip and Evelyn, in the first, only arrive at happiness after much tribulation, the prudery of Philip is to blame for that; and if Edith, in the latter, never arrives at it at all, the fault was not hers, unless it is a fault not to be able to love more than once. Some count this an old-fashioned virtue, but I don't know—I leave it to you.

BOOKS TO READ.

In the Fourth Year. By H. G. Wells. (*Chatto and Windus.*)
Women and Soldiers. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. (*John Lane.*)
The Glory of Zeebrugge. By Keble Howard. (*Chatto and Windus.*)
Billie Impett and Doris. By Captain Eustace Ainsworth. (*Hodder.*)
If I Goes West. By A Tommy. (*Harrap.*)
Resentment. By Alec Waugh. (*Grant Richards.*)
The Bomber Gipsy and Other Poems. By A. P. Herbert. (*Methuen.*)
God's Counterpoint. By J. D. Beresford. (*Collins.*)
Old Desire. By Holloway Horn. (*Westall.*)
Workhouse Characters. By Margaret Wynne Nevinson. (*Allen and Unwin.*)



DANCER AT THE AEOLIAN HALL
FREE "SMOKER," ON THE 16TH:
MME. SERAPHINE ASTAFIEVA.

Mme. Astafieva, who danced at the Aeolian Hall on the 16th, at one of the Aeolian Company's Free Sunday Smoking Concerts for Soldiers, Sailors, and their friends, has appeared with great success in the chief cities of Europe, and was first seen in England in the year of the Coronation, in "Cleopatra," at Covent Garden. She has now a school here for teaching dancing by the Russian method. During the war, she has given her services for charity on very many occasions. She is, by the way, a grand-niece of Tolstoy.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



DANCING AT THE AEOLIAN HALL FREE
SUNDAY "SMOKER" ON THE 30TH:
MME. KARINA—HOLIDAY-MAKING AT
AN ESSEX FARM.

Mme. Karina, the charming Danish dancer, is one of the artistes appearing on the 30th, at the Aeolian Company's Free Sunday Smoking Concert for Soldiers, Sailors, and their friends. These concerts have been going for quite a long time now—the fiftieth was held on April 28—and are very much enjoyed. As to Mme. Karina herself, it may be noted that she has danced before numerous royalties and has been première danseuse at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, and the Royal Opera, Copenhagen. She has also met with much success at the London Coliseum and elsewhere.

There is beauty and charm in the verse that gets away from war, but it is the war verse that makes this a remarkable book. From so much of bitter, hard truth in "Cannon Fodder" and "The Other Side," it is a relief to turn to the clever, whimsical satire and gaiety that riot through Lieutenant Herbert's "The Bomber Gipsy, and Other Poems."

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THE MINOR MALADY.



THE EMPLOYER (*observing the applicant's pallid appearance*) : Married, I suppose ?
THE APPLICANT FOR THE JOB : No, Sir ; I've been sick.



“—and did you
get the sausage?”

“Yes. It was hot work, but I downed the balloon. My machine got winged and I made rather a rotten landing. They thought I was hurt, but I was only feeling for my Kenilworths. And then I spent five of the happiest minutes of my life — enjoying the

most perfect cigarette—and thinking of the most perfect girl in the world.”

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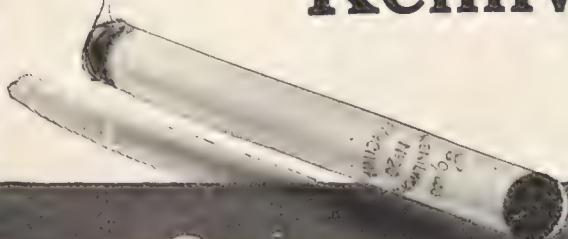
FOR THE FRONT.—We will post Kenilworth Cigarettes to Soldiers at the Front specially packed in airtight tins of 50 at 2/6 per 100, duty free. Postage 1/- for 200 to 300; 1/4 up to 900. Minimum order 200. Order through your Tobacconist or send remittance direct to us. Postal Address:—10, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.

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R.A.F. UNIFORMS AGAIN.

The Three A's. The Royal Air Force still seems to be worrying itself over its uniform, which, as one cynical humourist remarked, looks to him as if it had been designed in collaboration by an Academician, an Actress, and an Admiral. Certainly it is inartistic enough for the Royal Academy, brilliant enough; with all its gold dicky-birds and things, to appear in musical comedy, and near enough to a Naval uniform in its rank-badges to please some admirals. However, what is worrying the R.A.F. people now is the question of the Sam Browne belt. Some weeks ago everybody was assured, "straight from the horse's mouth," as it were, that officers of the R.A.F. were to wear Sam Brownes, so that everybody would know that they were officers. Now that R.N., R.N.R., and R.N.V.R. officers, when in khaki for shore-work overseas; R.N. Division officers in the field and at home; Royal Marines, both blue and red; French officers, American officers, Belgian officers, and a few others, all wear Sam Brownes to make their commissioned rank clear, it seemed distinctly queer that the R.A.F. alone should be deprived of the privilege of wearing the one distinctive article of equipment which all officers, except the latest-joined, have worn, and which they all possess.

To Be or Not to Be. Consequently someone or other decided to go back to the Sam Browne again, only to have it black. Now the word has gone round again that the black Sam Browne is not to be. The objection is said to be the expense which would be incurred by adopting it. Not that the pockets of present officers would be involved, for they could have the belts which they already possess dyed black for a few pence. The real expense would come in with the thousands upon thousands of new officers coming into the R.A.F. Not only would all the future officers and present cadets have to be equipped, but all the R.N.A.S. officers who have not done shore duty overseas, and so do not own khaki uniforms, would have to buy belts, also.

By C. G. GREY, *Editor of "The Aeroplane."*

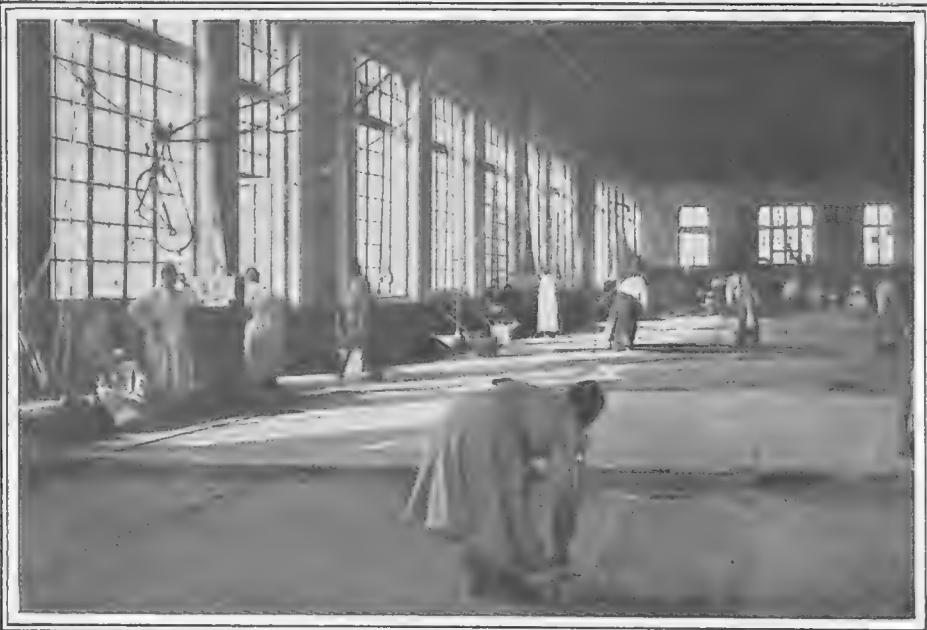
officer's correct title may be, might investigate the saving which could be effected by substituting metal cap-badges for the gold-embroidered badges at present worn. The D.G.S.E. would probably find that whereas a metal badge could be stamped out of brass for a fraction of a penny, the embroidery badge, made by hand as it is, costs shillings in labour. Possibly, also, the D.G.S.E.



THE SCREENING OF GUNS FROM ENEMY OBSERVERS: A GUN UNDER "CAMOUFLAGE."—[French Official Photograph.]

might economise in the manufacture, material, and supply of gilt dicky-birds, for not only do these decorations run into considerable numbers and weight of metal when worn on both sleeves of all jackets, and on all overcoats, etc., but their number is increased by the fact that they have a habit of being torn off and lost. These be small matters, it is true; but when each officer's equipment is multiplied by thousands, the total amount of labour and material which can be wasted is quite considerable.

Sheep and Goats. Apropos badges and such things, it seems that there will be some difficulty for a long time to come in amalgamating the sheep and the goats of the R.A.F. into one homogeneous Force. One would hate to suggest whether the R.N.A.S. are the sheep and the R.F.C. the goats, or vice-versa; but the fact remains that, despite the best official efforts, the goats rather rejoice in being, or having been, goats; and the sheep likewise are proud of their muttonhood. If an R.A.F. officer is wearing the D.S.C. ribbon, it is *prima-facie* evidence that he has once been in the R.N.A.S.; and the wearer of the M.C. is either "late R.F.C." or, at any rate, formerly in the Army somehow. Still, after all, the numbers wearing either are comparatively small, and what gives the game away far more are the Active Service chevrons. The R.N.A.S. people, as an integral part of the Royal Navy, are entitled to, and do, wear the gold chevrons, with a silver one for the first year of the war, worn by Naval officers. The R.F.C., with the loyalty characteristic of a former Royal Regiment of his Majesty's Army, wear blue chevrons, with a red one for the first year of the war. Both are keen on their old Services, and would, naturally, refuse to wear anything else, and though at present there seems to be no tendency to introduce another fresh decoration in the form of a chevron for air people only—irrespective of whether they were R.N.A.S. or R.F.C.—it would be rather interesting to see what would happen if the Air Ministry tried, say, green chevrons, in substitution for the blue and gold.



THE SCREENING OF GUNS FROM ENEMY OBSERVERS: STRETCHING THE NET BASE OF "CAMOUFLAGE" ON FRAMES.—[French Official Photograph.]

The supply of leather is not unlimited; and as the Sam Browne is purely a decoration, it is apparently considered that the miles of leather which would be needed for the equipment of R.A.F. officers-to-be might be put to better use.

A Reasonable Economy. One is pleased to see this spirit of true economy becoming manifest in the Sartorial Department of the R.A.F., and one hopes that it will be directed to other similar matters. For example, the Director-General of Sartorial Equipment, or whatever the august

A Solution? Even that could not work, for R.A.F. people who served with the Navy or Army early in the war, and only joined the R.A.F. recently, would still be entitled to their gold-and-blue chevrons, respectively. It seems, therefore, that the wisest thing to do, after all, is to split the R.A.F. into its two natural divisions—the sea-going people and the land-flying people—and give them distinctive badges.

"TOLD TO ME BY PELMANISTS"

By H. GREENHOUGH SMITH

(Editor of "*The Strand Magazine*")

I AM going to write something about the Pelman System because I believe in it. I am anxious to take my share in calling the attention of the outside public to that system because I have become convinced that it is a real and great promoter of efficiency. And efficiency, in every walk of life, is what alone can save us as a people, when, in the ever-intensifying competition which will come when peace returns, we have to keep our flag flying in the never-ending battle for the survival of the fittest among nations. If any word of mine can help the cause I feel that I should be guilty of remissness if I failed to speak it.

Long before I knew anything about the Pelman System in its methods I knew a good deal about it in its results. What I mean I can best explain by a few typical examples of cases which have fallen within my own experience.

The first case that comes into my mind is that of a certain bridge player of my acquaintance—his like exists in every club—who was the very type of the happy-go-lucky and haphazard player—the kind who forgets his partner's call or the suit he led from; who has been known to play a spade hand under the impression that the call was a no-trumper; and who every now and then, embellishes his play with a revoke. Suddenly, within a few weeks, his style of play improved beyond all knowledge. He was simply bringing into use for the first time his memory, his observation, his power of concentration, and, what depends on these, his faculties of deduction. He was able not only to remember what cards his opponents had played, but to infer *why* they had played them. He had been taking the Pelman Course—not for the sake of improving his bridge playing—that was only a side issue. But the result, as shown in the club card-room, was, in a familiar phrase of Carlyle's, "eloquent of much." He had become a more capable individual all round. It was not merely that he could play a better game of bridge, which was a matter of comparatively small importance, but he had become equipped to play his part with a far larger measure of success in the great game of life itself. And here it may be remarked that, although money is not everything, it would be folly to ignore the fact that, whether in the small game or the great one, it is the better player who, in the long run, sweeps in the stakes.

Is the Pelman System, then, really able to turn a nincompoop into an expert? Well, hardly that, of course. But in many cases, if you can cure a man of wool-gathering, it really almost comes to the same thing. A pamphlet issued by the Pelman Institute has an apt remark on this point. "'Mind-wandering' is one very destructive form of Brain-waste. The un-trained brain cannot concentrate wholly upon its subject; it has a tendency to drift, and its owner does not know how to prevent it. A Pelman training corrects this and enables the worker to bring *all* his brain-power to bear upon any subject whenever he wishes and for as long as he wishes."

My next example is that of a young journalist in whose work I take an interest. He is a man of no small natural gifts, endowed with a power of easy expression which always made his writing a delight to read. Yet there was something wanting. His descriptions did not seem quite vivid and alive; they were like pictures somewhat blurred. He, too, went in for a course of Pelman study. What he had lacked, without knowing it, was the knack of seeing things. His powers of observation were untrained and undeveloped. Now his descriptive writing is as full of graphic detail as a Dutch painting. His scenes start up before the reader's eye as if he saw them. And I am glad to say that, like all work that is getting better, it is getting better paid.

Again, I number among my acquaintances two young women, sisters, very much alike in character, who were married and set up housekeeping at nearly the same time. A was a Pelman student—B was not. Now, explain the matter how you will, the fact remains that A's house, from nursery to kitchen, was all spick-and-span, while her sister's, although she spent—or rather, wasted—twice the money, was—not to put too fine a point upon it—an eyesore. In short, A's home was a model, B's a muddle.

The fact is, few people realise what systematic training means for women. Few realise that to run a house is to run a business; that a woman who has to look after a house, a husband, tradesmen, servants, has to be an organiser, a manager, an accountant, a buyer, a caterer, a nurse, a teacher, a sempstress, and several other things, in one. To run an office is child's play beside it—for this, among a host of other reasons, that it is easier to replace a clerk than to replace a cook. Yet to this business, this profession, which emphatically

demands a trained professional to conduct it with the best results, most women come as amateurs. No wonder that, until in course of time they have bought experience with suffering, they so often make a mess of things. And it is only the plain and literal truth to say that nine-tenths of this trouble could have been spared them.

One more example. A young man, a connection of my own, whom I had not come across for several months, called the other day to see me. He was one of those young fellows whom everybody knows in plenty, breezy, good-hearted, fairly clever, but giddy, pleasure-loving, and with all the makings of a slacker. He came to tell me that his guardian had promised to give him a trial in his own business, a firm of wholesale dealers whose name is known in every city in the kingdom, on condition that he first went through the course of Pelman training. He had done so, and had discovered to his surprise that work—a thing for which, as Dr. Johnson said of his clean shirt, he had never had a passion—could become an interesting and even fascinating occupation. He had gone into the business and had been assured by his delighted guardian that he was "making good." I could see, myself, that he was altered and improved, and I told him my impression. "It has evidently made you," I said, "more assured, more manly." "Pelmanly," he grinned—he was always an incorrigible joker—and as I winced he added: "If you want to make the journey of life easy, take a ticket by a Pelman car."

I shall not venture to excuse him—no one could. In this respect he was incurable. It is beyond even the Pelman System (I believe) to eradicate a tendency to the lower forms of humour. Yet there is many a true word spoken in jest, and there was a great truth behind his flippancy.

These examples from my own experience will suffice to show how I had come to know and to judge the Pelman System in the best and fairest way by which any system can be judged—by its results. Such experiences led me, as a natural sequence, to ascertain how such results were brought about. And so I was led to understanding how it came to pass that, by the scientific study of the mind and body, that system gives its students, as one of them expressed it, "something other people haven't got," and explains the fact that everywhere, in every rank and calling, one sees them, men and women, rising to the top as surely as a cork in water.

H. GREENHOUGH SMITH.

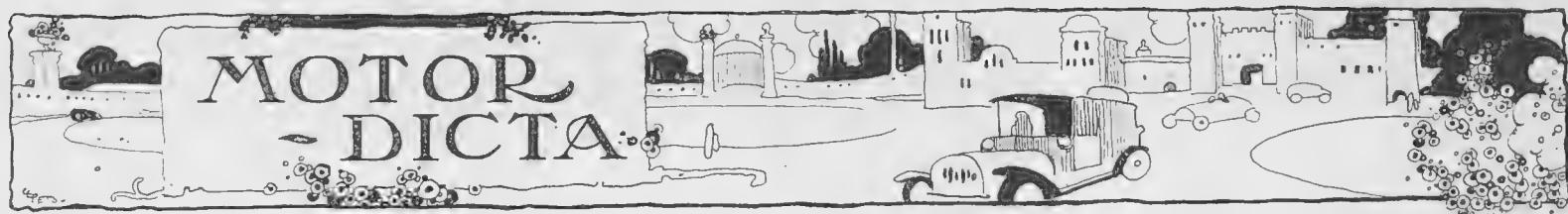
The Pelman Course has already been followed by over 250,000 men and women. It is directed through the post, and is simple to follow. It takes up very little time. It involves no hard study. It can be practised anywhere, in the trenches, in the office, in the train, in spare minutes during the day. And yet in quite a short time it has the effect of developing the mind, just as physical exercise develops the muscles, of increasing your personal efficiency and thus doubling your all-round capacity and income-earning powers.

Let any man of common sense reflect upon the fact that *nearly one hundred Admirals, and Generals*, as well as considerably over 30,000 other officers and men, are now Pelmanists. Would one of these waste a moment of their scanty and hard-won leisure over the study of Pelmanism unless they were convinced by plain evidence and by the private testimony of brother officers that Pelmanism is unquestionably worth while?

The extracts from letters published by the Pelman Institute during the past year or two constitute the most remarkable volume of evidence of its kind that has ever been made public. There is not a class or rank—from the highest to the humblest—from which there has not come *voluntary* evidence that the Pelman System—cutely practised—NEVER FAILS TO PRODUCE ALL THE BENEFITS THAT ARE CLAIMED FOR IT.

A full description of the Pelman Course is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which (together with TRUTH'S special supplement on "Pelmanism," and particulars showing how you may obtain the full unabridged course for one-third less than the usual fee) will be sent post free to all "Sketch" readers who send a postcard to the Pelman Institute, 41, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

Overseas Addresses: 46, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.



PLEASURES OF MEMORY: PRE- AND POST-WAR PRICES: INDISPENSABLE!

BY GERALD BISS.

WAR, with its crowded experiences, cannot but tend to make us all prematurely reminiscent before the normal bletherings of old age set in. Yet at the moment memory is the one back-door out of the war—and it frankly does one good at times to look back upon cheery times, and get out of the atmosphere of casualty lists and Hun holocausts. I do not diarise like that divine hypocrite, Sam Pepys; but I keep a day-book of appointments and such trifles, things accomplished and things left undone—to rise up against me in hours of undue optimism. And so hap in a lucky moment I was presented at Yuletide 1913 with a five-year book, five spaces to a page and to each page a date, so that, when I enter up a date this June, I can see exactly what I was guilty of that day a lustrum ago—as I am now in the last lap of my syncopated diary. To keep such a book one must have an excellent conscience, or purge it at frequent intervals. In my case it was a stroke of luck, as this single tome covers the whole of the Great War—so far!

A Pre-War Motoring Memory. In entering up my latest misdeed as a mere man in mufti, despised and rejected even by that arch toothcomber of young and old alike, the Great Auk-land Geddes, I find that this very day five years ago I was happily deployed from the seriousness of things upon one of the most delightful automobile trips of my motoring career, enjoying the society of the young broad-beans of the convicts upon Dartmoor, in the latest "special" 45-h.p. "Silent Knight" Daimler, of which his Majesty himself was actually awaiting delivery—the first of its series being duly tried and tested. It was a giant in the land—two tons and more as it bounded silently over the great moor with its limousine body—but with such power that its weight was never felt save that it held the road, however bad, with smoothness and gave an immense sense of comfort. There was not a whisper of war in the offing, though so near, and everything was free from care—the worst horror a puncture or the frightfulness of an ill-cooked dinner.

Post-War Economy. Such things all seem so far off nowadays, and the top storey of my diary is a strange contrast of automobile happenings and good things in comparison with the bottom section of stagnation and the seriousness of life. Will such times of irresponsibility ever come back—or such

The Dora-less U.S.A.

Fortunate in their opportunities are our American Allies; and the latest news from the States is that even the thirty per cent. compulsory cut in motor manufacture is to be called off at the end of next month, and manufacturers are to be allowed free play on the sole condition that the Government have first call on all steel and raw material as required. That, of course, goes without saying, and could hardly be adjusted otherwise; but such a condition of comparatively uncontrolled freedom and lack of Doracular regulations cannot but fail to make our poor British makers feel more and more green-eyed in their impotence, in view of the great commercial battle ahead as soon as the world gets quit of Kaiserism and the menace of the Hun. In America they will not have to reconstruct—merely to expand production to normal; and the handicap is an enormous one on the face of it. Even Poppa Ford, with all his many other combative and agricultural activities, anticipates

turning out half the usual myriads of "Lizzies" which normally invade the world from Detroit; and General Motors—which include Cadillacs, Buicks, Oaklands, Oldsmobiles, and others—count upon an output of 400,000. Then there are the Overlands, good for six figures even upon a reduced output; and a host of others who, even on Government leavings, could easily swamp our biggest productions before the war.

An Essential Industry.

The welcome outcome of the representations of business men to a business Government, in a businesslike way, has been the recognition of the vast importance to the nation of this essential industry. Over here the tendency has been to ride roughshod over anybody and everybody—more especially the motoring industry, it seems, than any other—in the name of Dora with a strange abuse of anything pertaining to peace in the name of war. Our commerce will assuredly suffer from this lack of sympathetic treatment; but, as I noted last week, the authorities are just beginning to awaken to the fact that there is an "after-the-war" which will have to be faced, and are opening the door of concession in such a way as to let a chink of light through. The fact remains that our manufacturers must be there at the right moment or—get out and go under, which would hardly do; and the position of America with its comparative freedom makes their position all the more difficult. The name of the way out is, assuredly, Enterprise.

Consule Alberto.

Mr. Albert Brown, of the Great Brown Fraternity in Great Eastern Street, has been elected President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, in succession to Mr. Powell (of Humber's), who has done excellent work, and looked like seeing the war through; but the obstinacy of its duration did him in the end. It is, however, to be hoped that, *consule Alberto*, we shall probably see the revival of the glories of Olympia.



WEARING HIS GAS-MASK: A MOTOR-LORRY DRIVER ON DUTY IN ITALY

Photograph by Alfieri.



A CURIOUS WAR-TIME CEREMONY IN ITALY: AT A PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO AN ARMOURED TRAIN.

Italian Naval Official Photograph.

cars? How many super-taxed folk, even the new-rich of munitiondom, will be able to face the last word in automobile luxury, regardless of expense? Most folk will have to reconstruct upon less ambitious lines, I fancy; and lightness of construction and many other economies on the road will have to play their part in our post-war trips. Or shall we fly to the West Country in a couple of hours for lunch, and back to town to dine?

"WOLSELEY"

National requirements continue to engage the entire energies of the 'Wolseley' factories. We can however add your order to our Waiting List for a post-war 'Wolseley' Model.

Wolseley Motors Ltd.
Proprietors, Vickers Ltd.
Adderley Park, Birmingham.



"Liaison Officer"

"Rilette's" picture is still apropos of nothing—nothing of the present, for the present has nothing to offer. The future is the only hope for the world—hence the mind wanders.

POPE & BRADLEY

Sole Proprietor H. Dennis Bradley
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

S.O.S.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

I AM in a terrible quandary. I am a patriot, a democrat, and an anti-profiteer, and thus, in principle, surprisingly Governmental.

Incidentally, my business has been held to be of National Importance. Now, my difficulty is this. The business I conduct has progressed considerably each year since the day of its birth in 1905. This progress has been rapid, but consistent, and War has had absolutely no effect on either quickening or retarding the annual increase.

But all progress in war-time is penalised to the extent of 80 per cent. profit tax, plus additions. At this I do not grumble, being a democrat. What is worrying me, however, is whether I am expected, being a patriot, to make as much money as I can to enable the Government to pay for the war, or whether, being an anti-profiteer, I should make as little as possible in the interest of my customers—in other words, is it my duty to my country to increase my prices, or to keep them as low as possible?

There is a mixture of altruism and commercialism in the solution I have arrived at.

I honestly do not wish to make money out of the war, and if I did, it would hardly be worth while at a discount of 80 odd per cent.; by keeping prices low I keep my conscience clear, enhance the good name of my House, and create an inestimable goodwill for peace time.

MUFTI.

Lounge Suits	from £6	6	0
Dinner Suits	8	8	0
Overcoats	5	5	0

SERVICE DRESS.

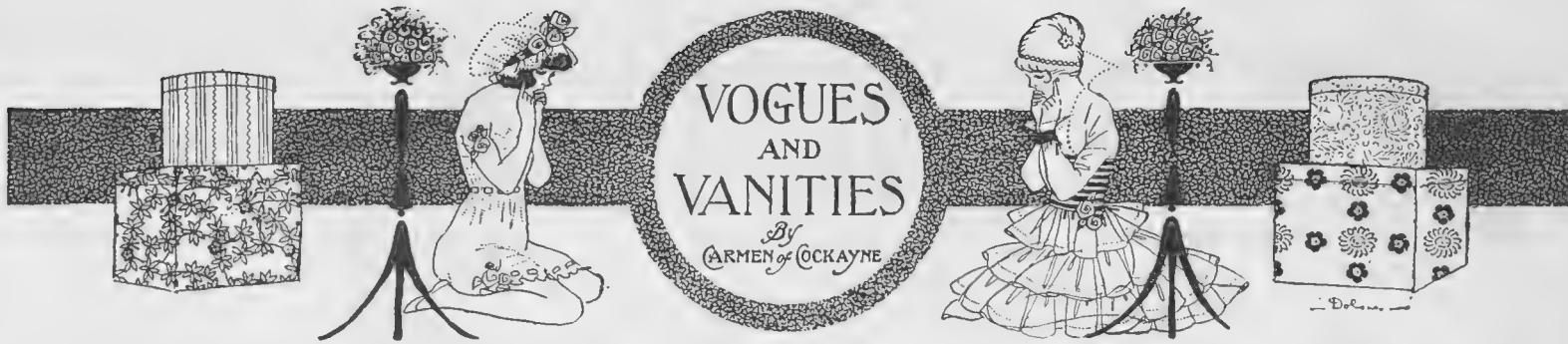
Service Jackets	... from £5	15	6
Slacks	2	12
Bedford Cord Breeches	..	4	4

(Buckskin Strappings extra.)

New Naval and Military Kit List of every Service requirement will be forwarded upon application.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

**Still Keen.**

Four years—to be quite accurate, nearly four years—of war have not had the effect of stifling a woman's dress sense or of robbing her of an appreciation of the value of trifles as an aid to good dressing. In other words, women are still alive to the importance of looking "nice," as history shows that women always have been.

They Never Believe It.

Masculine assertions that "looks don't matter" fall on deaf ears while masculine actions continue to suggest the idea that a pleasing appearance goes much further towards securing its owner "a good time" than an abundance of brains and common-sense packed in a less pre-possessing exterior. After all, it has been proved over and over again that looks do "count." If the serpent had squinted or stammered, or owned some other equally unattractive characteristic, fashion might never have been born, women would have been saved an infinity of heart-burning, and husbands been a quite appreciable

This sunshade is not quite so frivolous as it looks, for the alternate black-and-white frills are of serviceable taffetas.

number of pounds the richer. If Cleopatra had only had a kink in her nose—but it's useless to speculate. The "might-have-beens" of yesterday and the "may-bes" of to-morrow are, from the modish point of view, wholly unimportant so long as the fashions of to-day are of the kind to make life sweet, even if there is a war on.

Evidence of Virtue.

The sternest critic of women's supposed heartlessness and vanity would hardly go so far as to deny the attractive qualities of the first frocks of summer; the gloomiest apostle of patriotic parsimony could discover very little with which to find fault in the muslins and voiles, Shantungs and simple crêpe-de-Chines, which make up the greater part of the feminine wardrobe now that the exigencies of war forbid indulgence in more elaborate creations. Woman must, of course, be attired as the fashion of the day demands, but she is not expected to waste her own or her husband's money

on riotous dressing. Even the accessories, those dainty trifles that looked so insignificant and cost so much, have changed in character.

The Touches That Tell.

When a world will judge by what it sees, it is important to neglect nothing that may help to secure a favourable verdict. Women, to do them justice, have never shown any signs of neglecting their duties in this respect. Fashion artists are equally ready to fulfil their obligations. Therefore it happens in the world that concerns dress that attention for

the moment is concentrated on securing an appearance in which the beauty that every woman desires is combined with the practical qualities the nature of the times demands.

To show that a parasol can change its spots, even if a leopard cannot.



Few people accomplish a difficult task so successfully as the authorities at the Regent Street house of Peter Robinson, where Dolores sketched the handbags and parasols shown on this page.

Parasol Points.

Take parasols, without which an English summer would be robbed of at least half its charm. The casual observer would probably tell you that parasols were amongst the few things unaffected by the stress and strain of war. The real fact of the matter is that the parasol has made far-reaching sacrifices in the cause of patriotism. For instance, it no longer carries out its sunshading mission in terms of the tulle and chiffon, hand-painted muslin, and priceless lace that used to make the lawns at Ascot resemble an animated flower-bed in full bloom. Beauty these days has to be content with a screen of serviceable taffeta or satin to interpose between her carefully cultivated complexion and what should be the flaming caresses of a June sun. Economy has been carried even further. Some of the newest sunshades, especially those intended for use in the country, are covered with cretonne, in place of silk, and the result is so attractive that everyone wonders why nobody thought of it before. The idea has been extended. It is not an uncommon thing to find a cretonne sunshade accompanying a gown made with the same material; and chintz hats, or hats with an appliquéd motif cut from the design that appears on the dress, have been seen too often to excite comment.

Spots You Can Change.

A material-shortage, however, has had no effect on the ingenuity of the people who create parasols. They at least can be trusted to make the most of their opportunities. The leopard cannot change his spots, but there is no known law to prevent a sunshade varying the brand on each segment of its cover. Dolores shows one of the ways of doing it. The Regent Street house of Peter Robinson can show many others.

The Handbag as Patriot.

Handbags, which started life in deference to a whim of fashion, have now come to be regarded as evidence of win-the-war determination. To carry her own parcels—if they



The cretonne parasol is a war innovation; but it is likely to continue long after peace has been signed.

are not too big—is the dearest wish of the feminine patriot. You can't blame her if, adopting popular "camouflage" methods, she elects to advertise her readiness to bear any burden the war may impose upon her in the most attractive way. Parcel-carrying duty, unlike so many other duties, becomes a pleasure when thoughtful people devote their time to making handbags of black, or brown, or green, or blue silk, and decorating them with cut-steel beads and the looped fringe for the finishing touch that means so much.

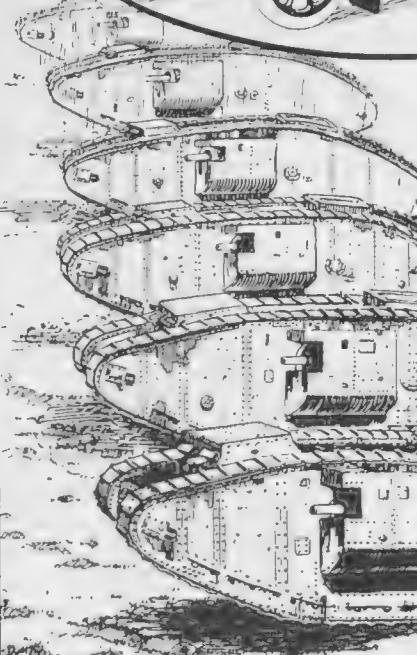
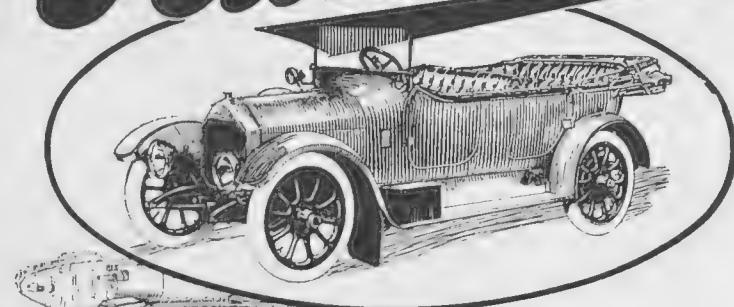
Beauty and Beads.

Beaded bags the designs and colours of which suggest reproductions of old tapestry, provide an attractive alternative. When aluminium beads are chosen as the background for aquamarine-tinted ones, or when scarlet-and-black draughtboard checks conspire with an expanse of glittering steel to produce the perfect parcel-carrier, it is not surprising to find women's determination to do their parcel-bearing bit strengthening with every handbag that owes its existence to the war.



You would never think, by the look of it, that it was capable of doing useful parcel-carrying war-work.

Humber



When the Tanks Return.

—those who have risked their lives at the Front will find peace, comfort and solace once more in touring the country roads of England in a post-war 'HUMBER' Car.

HUMBER Ltd.,
Coventry.

Charles Packer & Co Ltd.

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

BEAUTIFUL GEM RINGS

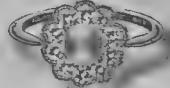
MOUNDED IN
FINE PALLADIUM



Diamonds
£20 0 0



Emerald & Diamonds
£36 0 0



Pearl & Diamonds
£16 10 0



Diamonds
£76 10 0



Diamonds
£28 10 0



Diamonds
£27 0 0



Diamonds
Gold Band
£21 0 0



Diamonds
£22 10 0



Sapphires & Diamonds
Gold Band
£10 15 0



Diamond
1 Carat
£45 0 0



Sapphires & Diamonds
£34 0 0



Pearl
6 Grains
£23 15 0

SENT POST & INSURANCE
FREE TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF REMITTANCE.
MONEY RETURNED IN FULL IF NOT APPROVED.

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Shopping!



retires from sight. An important conference is being finished on the steps of the bank, and the curate has perceptibly met friends. High Street! Our village!

She props her bicycle against the curb-stone and goes the round of shops.

The village street has rubbed nearly all the sleep out of its eyes. The draper is out on the pavement surveying his windows. He decides to lower his sun-blinds, and having done so



MOSELEY

Complete Price List post free from

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS, LIMITED
CHAPEL FIELD WORKS, ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.

Showrooms: 2, 4, & 6, New Brown Street, Manchester.

Branches in London, Birmingham, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Glasgow & Dublin

C.W.N.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

By
Appointment



To
H.M. The King.

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

INVALUABLE FOR TOILET AND
- - DOMESTIC PURPOSES - -

Price 1/4 per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

The public are cautioned against the many injurious imitations of "Scrubbs Ammonia" that are being offered, and attention is drawn to the signature of Scrubb & Co. on each bottle, without which none is genuine.

SCRUBB & CO., Ltd., Guildford St., London, S.E.



British is Best. We begin now to appreciate the excellence of things made in England; also we know them to be well worth the extra cost. The Huns have taught us to loathe cheap and nasty substitutes. Apropos hereof I bethink me of Soflex. It is ideal underwear, and it is made of Egyptian cotton of the very finest, and is guaranteed to be absolutely unshrinkable. It is not procurable in shops in the usual way, but from the Midland Hosiery Agency, Loughborough, Leicestershire. It is made in two weights, and woven with a fine cellular mesh. It is elastic, strong, and wears exceedingly well. Divided skirts in Directoire style cost only 3s. 6d., and 3s. 11d. out-size; all other garments are equally moderate in price. The Melana stockings from the same place are splendid value; plain black merino, seamless and of medium weight, are 2s. 6d. a pair. Six pairs are sent post-free; and, for a penny a pair extra, initials are neatly hand-embroidered on the tops.

The Princess and Her Pets. "Princess Pat's Pets" are going to have a matinée all to themselves at the Apollo on the 28th. More formally put, Princess Patricia of Connaught's Canadian Light Infantry want funds for prisoners of war, comforts, etc., and a real bumper matinée is going to help to get them. The Royal Colonel in Chief has given a picture painted by herself when in British Columbia, to be auctioned at the matinée. It is no courtier-like effort to say that it is a picture, and a decidedly clever one. The "P.P.P.'s" own troupe of entertainers are coming from somewhere in France specially for the occasion, and are even now, despite Big and Little Willie and their murderous milliards, painting special scenery. Stars of our very own firmament will rotate in turns. The Queen will, if possible, grace the performance; and so will the regiment's Queen, Princess Pat.

The Sum Tootal. Our Britishers, even while at work beating the German at his own much-belauded war, are also at work beating him at our best of all games—industry. We have, in British guaranteed fabrics marked Tootal, cotton materials which are superior to any other of their kind. There is Tobralco, a cotton washing dress-fabric which is quite lovely; also Tootal cloth, a velvet fabric which looks like rich silk velvet, and drapes beautifully; there are Tootal shirtings for men, women, and children; and there is Tarantulle for lingerie and baby wear. The virtues of this British guaranteed fabric are being quickly discovered; and purchasers wholly pleased are its best advertisement. Tootal, Broadhurst, Lee, and Co., Manchester, is its home address; 32, Cheapside, E.C., will always find it; and all over the world, except in enemy countries, it can be found—and that is the sum-tootal of success!

Handicapping Time. Time is not nearly so inexorable an old tyrant as some people would have us believe. One cannot get over him, but can always get round him. Those wrinkles and double chins and pendulous cheeks that he gives to those whom he does not use well, and who do not use him well can be avoided—nay, they can be obliterated—by the skilful and constant use of Adair's celebrated Ganesh preparations. A visit to 92, New Bond Street is one way to set time back; the use of the Ganesh Diable Tonic, which clears, cleans, and whitens the skin, and

takes away the signs of tiredness from eyes, knocks years off the old gentleman. Anyone who wants to try can have a sample bottle for a shilling on mentioning *The Sketch*, which is itself in arms against the stern marks of Time. It takes him by the forelock and makes him laugh; while Ganesh catches him as he flies and makes him lag.

Now is the Time. Those of us who love linen—and was there ever a woman who did not?—can indulge our affection and yet effect real war-time economy by buying at Robinson and Cleaver's great summer sale, which began on Monday and continues through July. Damask table linen of the finest can be acquired at prices which make it a real bargain, seeing that it becomes more and more scarce through the Government taking so large a percentage of the produce of linen factories for aeroplane cloth. Eleven-and-ninepence is not much to pay for a damask tablecloth 2 yards by 2 yards; double damask, 2½ by 3 yards, for 49s. 6d. up to 66s.; sheets, 2 by 3 yards, from 66s. 4d. a pair, at varying prices, to 155s., which are 3 by 3½ yards. Cushion-covers appeal to the careful house-mother; also curtains—and there are veritable bargains in both. Blouses, blouse-robés, and coats and skirts afford good scope for excellent investment; handkerchiefs are, of course, a speciality with this world-famed firm, whose sale catalogue is worth sending for.

Rhyme and Reason. Mrs. Lloyd George has earned the respect and affection of us Britishers. She is to open the Flower Fair in Trafalgar Square to-day, and also to hold a stall thereat. A great number of

people will undoubtedly testify to the respect and affection she has won from them by being customers. The

Flower Fair, as I said last week, appeals to us all because it is to help to make good the wear-and-tear of nearly four years of war on the 120 ambulances equipped and maintained by the British Ambulance Committee for carrying French wounded soldiers from danger to safety. The French soldiers are the admiration of the world; and so we can at once show our pride in our Ally, and our keen appreciation of the Prime Minister's wife by patronising the Flower Fair in Trafalgar Square, which is both rhyme and reason.

Nothing is cooler and pleasanter-looking than Shantung for summer wear. The dress depicted above is of that popular material, and is beige in colour, with touches of wool embroidery in French blue.



A flesh-coloured cami-petticoat of georgette, trimmed with Chantilly lace and deep-pink-and-silver roses; while velvet ribbon is used at the waist and for the shoulder-straps—the "tout ensemble" striking a very modern note in the way of "undies." The tea-gown worn by the seated figure has a draped bodice of black crêpe-de-Chine; the neck and sleeves being outlined with amber beads. The skirt is of yellow crêpe-de-Chine stencilled in black.



Under the photographs of the Hawkeye national dress for women, in our Issue of June 12, we stated (on the authority of a photographer) that the "harness" for the dress was made by shell-shock patients at "Lady Neville's" workshops for the disabled. We now learn that the correct name of the institution is "The Lady George Nevill Hospital," at Hove, and that there is no such person as "Lady Neville." We do our best to check such errors, which occur on photographs very frequently, but now and then one slips through into print.



Nutrition Notes.

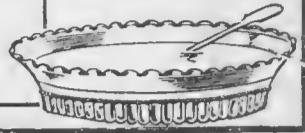
How to make the most of milk.

MILK is probably the finest natural food we have, but for healthy, growing children it is more enjoyable, more nutritious and more satisfying when made into Bird's Custard.

Milk when used to make Bird's Custard, is transformed from a thin beverage into a creamy, nutritious dish, full of goodness because the Bird's Custard adds a rich store of energy-producing carbohydrates.

The testimony of a distinguished scientist is that—"the enrichment of milk by Bird's Custard raises the calorific and nutritive value from 400 to 500, which is a very high achievement."

This proves that Bird's Custard is much more than a delicious dish. *It is among the most valuable of foods!* Therefore serve it often and bountifully in these days of rations. It does everybody good.



To help out the sugar ration.

cook fruit and puddings without sugar.

Serve with Bird's Custard, which if made with two good tablespoonsful of sugar, is sufficient sweetening.

Bird's Nutritious Custard

used as a simple sauce, makes plain war-time puddings into real treats.

Export

A UNIQUE compliment has been paid to me arising out of an advertisement that appeared in "Punch" on October 10th, 1917, in which my Managers stated that "India, Egypt, America, Australia and South Africa were all calling for me."

A Staff Officer on the East African Expeditionary Force, and quite unknown to my Managers, cut out the page from "Punch" referred to, and sent the following reply to that advertisement:—

"Go and see a Doctor—

"You need one if you cannot hear East Africa calling for you. I know you, and I like you, and 'absence makes the heart grow fonder.' Everywhere a voice is calling for Haig & Haig Five Star Scots Whisky.

Some export markets are not yet obtaining supplies.

← I AM the famous "export" bottle which carries abroad the same delightful contents as are sold in the Home market in this bottle. →



Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky

Head Office : 57, Southwark St. London, S.E.1

The new Purifier of the Home

UNTIL MILTON was discovered, the only purifiers known were corrosive disinfectants. These were and are most serviceable, but must be used with extreme care, and in any case they emit a disagreeable odour.

Now that the housewife has found Milton, the new purifier, she can discard the disinfectants and employ Milton everywhere for every purifying purpose. It is safe and harmless—even a tiny baby could play with it without risk of injury. Yet it is more effective than Carbolic Acid.

In future do not use disinfectant, but only

MILTON

keeps food fresh and free from taint
kills cooking smells
removes stains without injury even to
most delicate fabrics
cleanses all sinks and enamel ware
is more effective than any disinfectant
kills all vermin
freshens and purifies stuffy rooms and
sick rooms
It is economical in use

1/- & 2/- Bottles

The 2/- bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 1/- bottle.

To be obtained from all Dealers.

MILTON MANUFACTURING CO. Ltd.
125 Bunhill Row London, E.C. 1
and 64 Wellington Street Glasgow



Go to your Dealer to-day and obtain a 1/- or 2/- bottle of MILTON. Follow the instructions carefully and you will have a new and powerful yet harmless purifying agent for hourly use, and for fifty-nine different practical purposes in the home.



DAUGHTER of duty! And yet she is as the lilies of the field. Consider her. The Puritan maid! She had one of the secrets in the art of dress. The secret was Cambric.

DORCAS Cambric is the Puritan Cambric made again. The perfect white—perfect in wear and perfect in wash.

DORCAS Cambric is essentially and utterly good. It is the great merit of Dorcas Cambric that anything so delicate should yet be so strong.

IF you have any difficulty in getting Dorcas Cambric we shall be glad to send you the name of the nearest draper who sells it. Also, on request, a folder in which you will find samples of Dorcas before and after washing.



DORCAS CAMBRIC

J. & N. PHILIPS & CO. LTD.
Manufacturers and Merchants
ADVT. DEPT., MANCHESTER.

The price is
1/1½ the yard.
The width is forty
inches. The words
"Dorcas Cambric" are
always on the selvedge.

C.W.H.

Ration Hints

QUANTITY v. QUALITY.

Rations may be restricted in QUANTITY, but they can be improved in QUALITY by the use of LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

Lea & Perrins

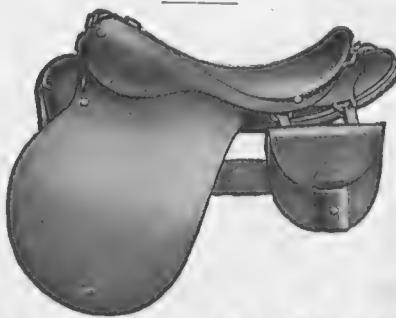
SAUCE WORCESTERSHIRE

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE
FOR ROASTING, CUPPING,
AND CULINARY USES
LEA & PERRINS
AND NEW YORK

Telephone :
2464 Gerrard.
GEORGE PARKER & SONS
ESTABLISHED 1851.

Telegrams :
"Cavesson, London."

Have the
Largest Stock
of New and
Secondhand
Military, Polo and
Hunting Saddles,
Bridles, Harness,
Leather Bags,
and Trunks
in the World.



Manufacturers
of

All kinds of
Leather Equipment
Sam Browne Belts,
Leggings, and
Spurs and Straps.

**17, 18, & 19, UPPER ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C. 2.**



The Best I Have Ever Seen

Lutetian Cream is the "stuff" for the Army—it is so easy to use and gives such lasting effect. Rich, brilliant and deep is the polish; it softens and lubricates the boots and keeps the leather from cracking.

Lutetian Cream

An Officer writes:—"Enclosed you will find P.O. for Lutetian Cream (dark) for Sam Browne belt and boots. It is most excellent stuff—the best I've ever seen."

MADE IN FOUR SHADES, TO SUIT ALL TASTES—LIGHT, DARK, EXTRA DARK, AND TONEY RED.

Obtainable at all Expeditionary Force Canteens in France.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send for nearest retailer's address to—

E. BROWN & SON Ltd., 7, Garrick St., London.



HARVEY NICHOLS OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE Commences MONDAY NEXT and continues until JULY 27

Having bought large consignments of our regular stocks in advance of the present shortage and high costs, customers are strongly advised to take this opportunity of securing these reliable goods at sale prices.

A few of the SPECIAL REDUCTIONS IN THE HOSIERY DEPT.:

Fine quality Merino Combinations, reduced to **8/11**

Fine Pure Wool, Jay finish Combinations, reduced to **15/6**

Beautiful quality fine Natural Llama Combinations, reduced to **15/6**

Tropical Gauze Combinations, superfine quality Silk and Merino, reduced to **16/6**

Good quality Natural Llama Vests, reduced to **8/11**

Tropical Gauze Silk and Merino Vests, excellent quality, reduced to **8/11**

Remnants and Oddments half-price on Thursdays and last 2 days of sale.

No Sale Catalogue. Post Orders promptly executed.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, S.W. 1

GORRINGES SUMMER SALE

MONDAY NEXT, JULY 1st.

Generous reductions have been made in all departments—including Lingerie and Household Linens. No Sale Catalogue is issued, and all goods on offer are of the usual Gorringe standard of quality.



"Wyn."
Sale Price
£8 : 8 : 0

"WYN."

A splendid opportunity for Ladies wishing to secure a really nice Winter Coat at a specially low price. Made in plain Velours cloth with delightful collar of fine Skunk Opossum. Body and sleeves lined satin. Colours: Mole, Purple, Brown, Green or Navy. Small, medium & large sizes.

Sale price
£8 : 8 : 0



"Marcelle"
for
Indoor
Wear.

"MARCELLE"
(Costume Dept.)

These two sketches illustrate one of Gorringes Speciality Three-Piece Costumes (i.e., Gown and Coat *en suite*) made in Three novel and up-to-date designs.

A House Frock, suitable for afternoon tea or semi-evening wear made of Crêpeline (a soft silky material) in alliance with chiffon daintily embroidered and finished, by the addition of a well-cut coat is converted into a practical visiting costume. In many fashionable colours.

Original Prices
7½ & 8 Gns.
Sale Price
6½ Gns.
(Complete).

FREDERICK GORRINGE, LTD., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. 1

12 DAYS SALE COMMENCING JULY 1

We shall offer Bargains
in the following Sections:—

**LADIES' OUTFITTING
IRONMONGERY — TOYS
LADIES' BOOTS — CHINA
DRAPERY — CARPETS
GENTLEMEN'S
OUTFITTING**

an opportunity to secure
our high-class goods at
very exceptional prices.

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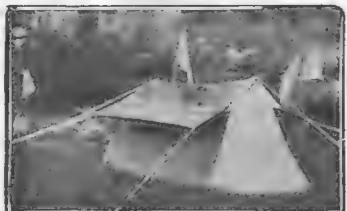
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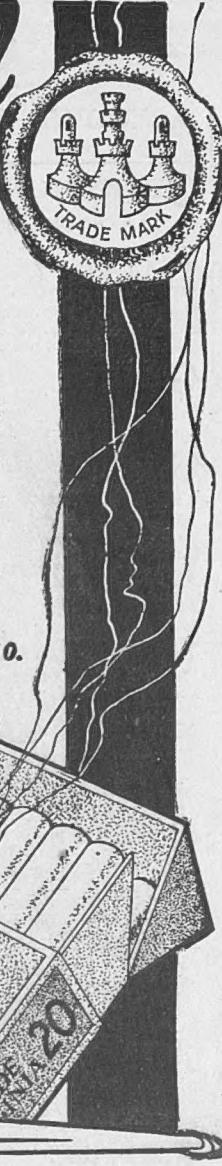
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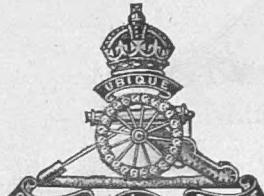
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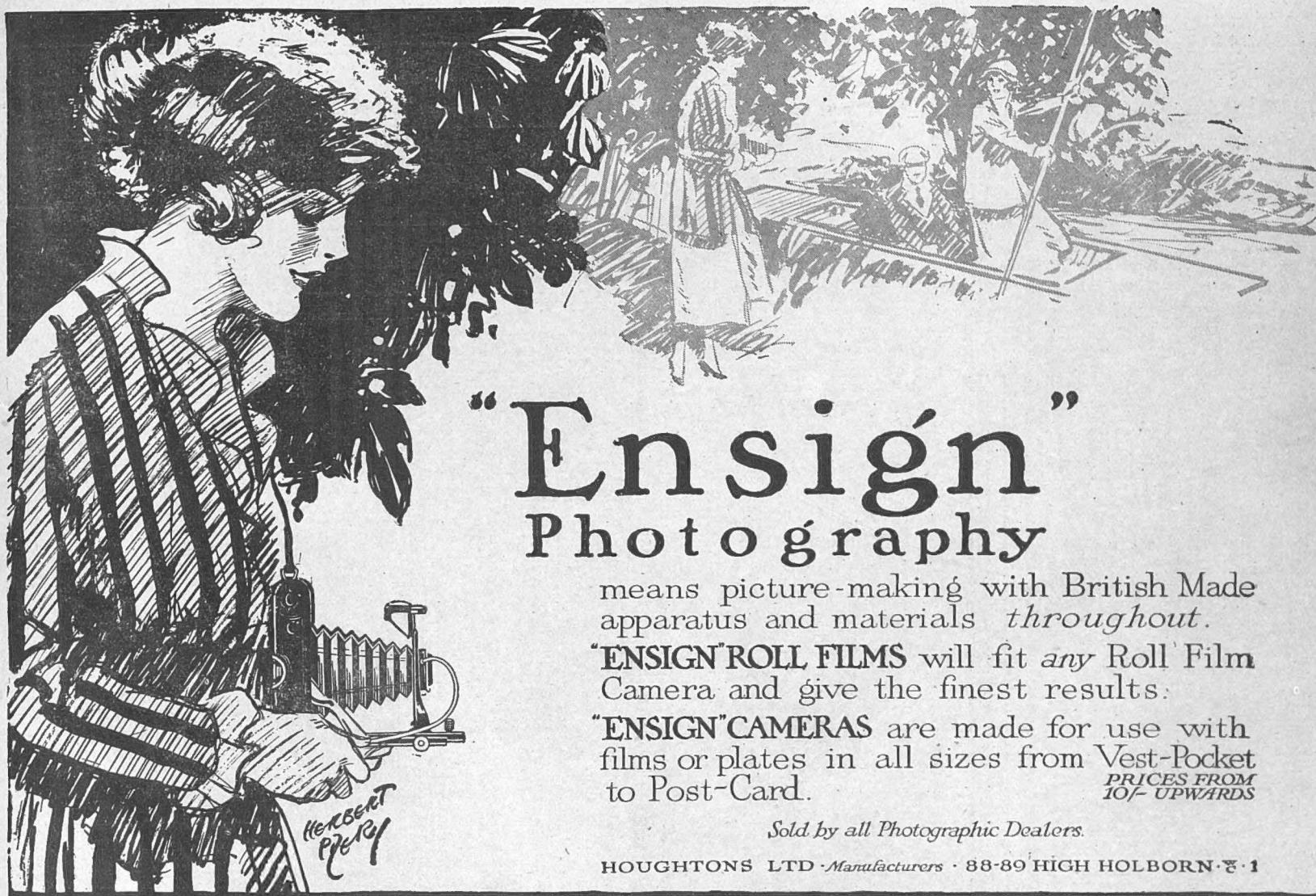
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